He hath made the blinde to ſee, and halt to goe.
Humph. I, but you did greater wonders, whē you made whole
Dukedomes flye in a day.
Witneſſe France.
King. Haue done I ſay, and let me heare no more of that.
Enter the Duke of Buckingham.
What newes brings Duke *Humfrey* of *Buckingham?*
Buck. Ill newes for ſome my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame *Elnor* our Protectors Wife,
Hath plotted Treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres,
By witchcrafts, ſorceries, and coniurings,
Who by ſuch meanes did raiſe a ſpirit vp,
To tell her what hap ſhould betide the State,
But ere they had finiſht their diuelliſh drift,
By *Yorke* and my ſelfe they were all ſurprizde,
And heeres the anſwere the diuell did make to them.
King. Firſt of the King, what ſhall become of him?
Reads. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe,
Yet him out-liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water ſhall he die and take his end.
Suffolke. By water muſt the Duke of *Suffolke* die?
It muſt be ſo, or elſe the diuell doth lie.
King. Let *Somerſet* ſhun Caſtles,
For ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Card. Heeres good ſtuffe, how now my Lord Protector,
This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle ſcarſely keepe your promiſe.
Humph. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my greefe,
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
For heere I ſweare vnto your Maieſty,
That I am guiltleſſe of theſe hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falſly done,
And for ſhe would betray her ſoueraigne Lord,
I heere renounce her from my bed and boord,

And

And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnleſſe ſhe cleare her ſelfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords, this night weele lodge in S. *Albones,*
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmoſt of theſe treaſons forth,
Come vnckle Gloſter along with vs,
My minde doth tell me thou art innocent.
Exit omnes.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. My Lords, our ſimple ſupper ended thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,
The right and title of the houſe of Yorke
To Englands Crowne by lineall deſent.
War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy ſubiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords,
Edward the third had ſeuen ſonnes,
The firſt was *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Prince of *Wales.*
The ſecond was *William* of *Hatfield,*
Who dyed young.
The third was *Lyonell,* Duke of *Clarence.*
The fourth was *Iohn of Gaunt,*
The Duke of *Lancaſter.*
The fift was *Edmund of Langley,*
Duke of Yorke.
The ſixt was *William of Windſore,*
Who dyed young.
The ſeauenth and laſt was Sir *Thomas of Woodſtocke,* Duke of *Yorke.*
Now *Edward* the blacke Prince dyed before his Father, leauing behinde him two ſonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angoleſme,* who died young, and *Richard* that was after crowned King, by the name of *Richard* the ſecond, who dyed without an heyre.

Lyonell